FRIDAY EVENING, MARCH 22.

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YEARLY RECORD.

POTAL NO. OF WORLDS PRINTED DURING 1888 104,473,650. AVERAGE PER DAY FOR ENTIRE YEAR! 285,447.

SEVEN YEARS COMPARED ship May 10, 1883.

\$,151,157 12,235,238 25,518,785 51,241,267 70,126,044 83,389,828 22,331 83,541 77,922 140,387 192,126 228,465

Sunday WORLD'S Record: Averaging Over 230.000 Copies Each

Sunday Since 1985. The average Circulation of The Sunday WORLD during 1882 was. . The Average Circulation of The Sun-24,054 day WORLD during 1883 was ... The Average Circulation of The Sun-day WORLD during 1884 was 79,985 The Average Circulation of The Sun-day WORLD during 1885 was 166,636 the Average Circulation of The Sun-day WORLD during JASE was 234,724 The Average Circulation of The Sun- 257,267 The Average Circulation of The Sun- 260,326

Amount of White Paper Used During the Six Years Ending Dec. 31, 1888:

CIRCULATION BOOKS OPEN TO ALI

THE PEATHER-WORKERS' STRIKE.

More than three hundred girls who toil for a living at feather work were locked out something over eight weeks ago, from the shops and factories of their employers in this oity. This was done because they refused to work for less wages than they and their employers had previously agreed on. Also because they did not think it right that nonunion girls should get the most remunerative portions of the work.

These girls have at last gone back to work on their employers' terms. Every point they contended for has been won by their bosses They have even signed, on re-employment formal written resignations from the Feather. Workers' Branch of the Workingwomen's

But has their long and heroic struggle been entirely in vain? Have their eight weeks of enforced idleness been barren of profit? By

They have conducted their struggle against what they considered the tyranny of capital in a peaceable and honorable way. They have done no deeds of violence, imperilled no human life and destroyed none of their employers' property. They have shown the public, who will henceforth have a warm side for the feather-workers, that united labor may not always be successful in a struggle for its rights, but may be lawabiding and deserve, even in defeat, the respect of all citizens.

This is not the end of their union either. Where there is communism of capital and its interests, the organization of labor is a foregone necessity.

LET THE PUBLIC DECIDE.

The opinions of adjacent property-owners as to whether the Polo Grounds should be chopped up by a street extension or whether they should be preserved intact for this season are, from the evidence, clearly divided.

Where there is so great a difference, why not let the public decide, as THE EVENING World to-day proposes?

No rewards were esteemed too great by the ancient Greeks for the athletes who built up for Greece so magnificent an Olympic record and so splendid a standard of physical

Why should New York be less grateful to her heroes of the diamond?

Save the Polo Grounds for this season!

WORLDLINGS.

Miss Braddon has written over fifty novels in which she has given the world of fiction, it is said, more than five hundred characters.

There is a superstition among miners that every ten years rich diggings will be discovered somewhere. The record so far is California, 1849; Pike's Peak, 1859; Nevada. 1869; Lead-ville, 1879. Gen. Noble is the handsomest member of Presi-

dent Harrison's Cabinet. He is of medium height, with a well-rounded figure, bright ruddy face, laughing eyes and curling hair. He is fond of smiling. Ex-Senator Camden, of West Virginia, has re-

cently returned from a trip to Florida, where he caught some remarkably big fish in the waters of the Gulf. Several fish that were landed by his party weighed upward of 150

Moresta's Tentuces Condial bulls the infant into a beating the infant into a

MUNDANE MATTERS.

Ungentle Spring, that hath so oft deceived The trustful mortals who would laugh with

How can thy sunny promise be believed. Now that thy storm is passed into the sea And lambs once more frisk on the greening

The vernal trousers at the knee is aprung Already, though the season is too cold For vernal trousers; women's hearts are wrung For that the vernal bonnet is not sold. Say, prithee, are our tastes becoming young, Or are the blooming seasons growing old?

As to proclaim the almanac "a tale that's told!" The climate of England and Scotland has been found by the American ball-players no whit bet-ter, if not a good deal worse, than that of their own homes. If baseball can be played so suc-

Who will rename the months and be so bold '

cesafully to such enormous audiences in the Winter season in Great Britain it is no hazardous prophecy to foretell the time when a baseball game will be as regular a form of diurnal diversion all the year round as the theatre and con cert are now in New York.

In the Winter this noblest of games might be played, matinees and electric-lig'st evening per-formances, in a large grass-covered hall or garden something like the famous garden near Madison Square, which is to be converted into a great theatre and concert-hall. The gentler sex would take to this-to them-comparatively new diversion with avidity, and a grand chorus of enthusiasts learn to join in a mighty pean: When Casey's at the bat !

In one salient feature the Market and Ceiling investigations are rapidly taking on a marked resemblance. That is, the loss, straying and stealing of important witnesses. The market investigation has, however, one great advantage. It has a Nicoll to help Justice get her rights.

Cabals and cable roads seem to go together as naturally in real life as in the dictionary.

Fanny Davenport has gotten a pardon for the hotel clerk who stole her diamonds and given him \$200. She knows a good advertisement when she gets it—and gets the diamonds back!

When the political Mecca of palms and cros diles receives the District-Attorney into its fold, all the other jolly politicians will, no doubt, wave their palm-leaf fans, chuck up

their bandannas, and sing in chorus: For he's a july good Fellows, For he's a july good Fellows, For he's a jolly good Follows-And very little besides!

A young New Yorker named Allen has bee caught swindling the Postmaster-General out of clothes. He should be promptly sentenced to sixty days in the Dead-Letter Office.

> Put away the damp umbrella. We may need it a'm'other day: There's a goose bone in the cellar That says Spring is bound this way!

Persons who sit "by old ocean's foam; marge" just now and inquire "what are the wild waves saying ?" will probably get a biff in the jaw for answer. The wild waves have been talking fight for several days.

Among the "shortest poems" the following rhyme of the times should not be forgotten:

Ceiling: Stealing!

Why doesn't some dime museum try to Pascott?

CENTRAL OFFICE ECHOES.

It is Capt. Thompson's proud boast that there is not a disorderly house in his precinct. He has stamped out the gambling dens and de clares that his precinct is painfully quiet.

President French denies the rumor from Washington that he is a candidate for Surveyor of the Port. He likes his present position so well that he hopes to be his own successor.

In a little frame house that stood on Motstreet, where the present Police Headquarters stands, Capt, Clinchy first saw the light of day, and he refers to the fact with emotions of pride Sergt. James K. Price, of the Central Office, is a great horticulturist, and raises dahlias and crysanthemums that are the admiration and

Sergt. Isaac Bird, Inspector Byrnes's chief deputy, has been elected a trustee of the Eigheenth Street Methodist Church, in which he takes a deep interest.

Hugh Sutherlin, Master of Normal Lodge F. and A. M., graduated with high honors in a class of twelve students last week at the commencement of the Electric College. He will go into the general practice at once.

The Backwoods Telegraph System



writing it out, 10 cents; envelope, five cents; colosing, gumming and directing it, 18 cents; new pair of rubbers for boy, 50 cents; carriage hire, \$1; ringing the bell, 10 cents; use of pen-cil in signing name, five cents; loading on the way, 50 cents. Ante up quick, old man; I'm in hurry!

A Pigs-in-Clover Challenge Accepted.

I will accept Cal Rogers's pigs-in-clover chalenge of \$25 and will meet him at THE EVENING World office Saturday afternoon at 3 r. m. to make good. In regards to referee I agree with him, so if everything turns out right I will be on hand for the show. Please put this in The Evening World so I can receive answer by the same. Joe MULLIGAN, 156 Christopher street.

Armory Hall Sold. The property known as Armory Hall, formerly occupied by "Billy" McGlory, at 156, 158 and 160 Hester street and 108, 10816 and 110 Mott street, was sold at the Real Estate Exchange yesterday. P. Nathan bought the Hester street property for \$55,000, and 108 and 1081/2 Mott street for \$10,650. Peter Wagner bought 110 Mott street for \$7,100.

Temple Beth Eli Reception The annual reception of the Young Men's Asociation of the Temple Beth Eli at Terrace Garden will be held Saturday evening, March 23. This year it will be preceded by a produc-tion of "Held by the Buemy," by Mr. William Gillette, the author of the play, and his profes-

nonal company. Something Very Unnaual. 124 West 124rs St., N. Y.

Biler & Son.

Dala Sins: Allow me to thank you for the unusual favor granted me in taking back the Controlled East-allow me mess agreedly surprised and sold mess than but was most agreedly surprised and rith no further use for the remaining bitsies of Barssparils. I consider your flarepartils the best bind medicine that has been been made. Again thanking you for your liberal solder, I remain very length your.

On SALES.

A STORMY DAY VIEW

Taken from the Equitable Building's Towering Roof.

A Noble Cyclorama Hung with Ever-Shifting Mists.

Sights Far Away, on Every Hand, and Then Close Underneath.

Thousands of people strive a lifetime to attain an exalted station in the world, and fail. Others have eminence turust upon them, as

Of the later class is United States Signal Service Observer Elias B. Dunn, who occupies one of the loftiest positions in New York

Perched high in his eyrie on the top of the Equitable Building he distils weather of every conceivable variety, and it is no wonder that he and the mysterious laboratory wherein he compounds his storms and sunshine are objects of keenest interest.

But the top of his lofty tower is also the Mecca of numbers of sightheers who are at-

tracted by the view it commands. Most persons choose clear days for their pilgrimage thither, yet a storm adds to the grandeur of the scene. The shifting haze, shutting off a portion of the view only to reveal more at another point, imparts an ele-ment of weirdness lacking at other times. Then, too, the great buildings round about seem to loom up more majestically through the storm gloom.

It is no idle figure of speech to say that the

It is no idle figure of speech to say that the view verges on the sublime at such a time. On all sides rise the giant piles of masonry and brick, constituting the finest business buildings in the world. Now and again they are hidden by dense masses of vapor, only to stand out more prominently when the curtain shifts to another quarter.

Further away the spires of innumerable churches and the chimneys of endless lines of factories seem to pierce the surging clouds.

clouds.

Then looking straight down from the immense helght the myriads of people beneath unbrellas pouring along Broadway appear like a vast swarm of ants.

To the south is the broad sweep of the bay.

with the wooded crests of Staten Island beyond playing hide-and-seek in the fog, which coils about them in great wreaths, Tower Hill to the southwest and Todt Hill to

Tower Hill to the southwest and Todt Hill to the southeast are the most conspicuous points on the island. Fort Wadsworth, on the north shore. looks grim and frowning through the mist, as does also its Long Island companion, directly opposite—Fort Hamilton.

The drifting haze conceals Sandy Hook and the undulating line of the Naves nk Highlands—plainly visible when it is clear. Occasional glimpses are caught, however, of the spidery Coney Island observatory and the gigantic elephant.

gigantic elephant.
The curved shores of Bath Beach and Bay The curved shores of Bath Beach and Bay Ridge wind in and out, dotted with handsome residences nestling among the woods. Along the water fronts of New York'sgint sister cities, Brooklyn and Jersey City, tower great warehouses and ship's stores. The mists, enshrouding Brooklyn like a gruesome pall, lift an instant and reveal the picturesque elevation of Brooklyn Heights. Also, conspicuously appear the great store of Wechsler & Abraham, in Fulton street; the massive building of the United States Fire Insurance Company, in Grand street, Williamsburg; the Hotel St. George, on Brooklyn Heights, and the Seth Low Building, in Court street. The fog goes swirling to the southward, and Astoria, the beautiful, and Hunter's Point, the unsavory, stand forth equally attractive at the distance. Blackwell's and Ward's Islands are near them, in midstream, with their stat-1 by buildings and beautifully kept lawns. If the sun were shining the eyected

with their state to initialize and beautifully kept lawns. If the sun were shining the eye could look away out on Long Island Sound and note the curves of beauty that distinguish the shores, and, if it were summer, the

greenness of their verdure.

The spires of Westchester seem dim and mystic.

Turning again to the south, near to New York is the park-like Governor's Island, the headquarters of the army in this section. The lawns are trim and well kept and green even in this mid-Winter. The quarters of officers and men look neat and comfortable. Everything periaining to the Island is spicand-span and kept so with military exact-

Further to the west, southwest from Battery Park, the Statue of Liberty rears its imposing height, the uplifted arm of Miss Liberty appearing to warn mariners to keep their distance until the fog clears. The mists their distance until the log clears. The mists coquet about her serene countenance, as if attempting to allure her into unbending a little from the stern dignity of her pose. She is not of the frivolous type of girl, and descends not from the lofty pedestal whereon her dignity and the series and and the

her admirers placed her.

Well does she appreciate the responsibilities of her high office. Her whole figure bilities of her high office. Her whole figure indicates that she is intent only on executing the important mission entrusted to her—that of welcoming all incoming vessels and assuring them of her country's hospitality. Her graceful outlines stand out more distinctly with the swaying mists dancing away back of her than when this background is wanting.

Away beyond Liberty, over on a point of Bayonne, is one of the Standard Oil Company's refineries.

pany's refineries. Dense volumes of smoke roll upward from its tall chimneys, the thick, black smoke mingling with the white mist and producing an odd Claude Lorraine effect.

and producing an odd Claude Lorraine effect.
Further yet away is Greenville, with its
churches of the regular New England country type, so different from the palatial Trinity and St. Paul's.

At the furthest limit to which the eye can
reach is the Blue Itange of mountains, now
scarcely more than a blush blur in the fog.
This range overtops the Orange Mountains
and the charming towns at their base.
Up through Jersey City the eye sweeps.

Up through Jersey City the eye sweeps, noting its great buildings and countless chimneys. The long lines of railreads are seen winding out through the city and over the marshes and meadows, while the canals the marshes and meadows, while the canals take their sinuous course into the distance.

The fog lifts for a moment, and a castellated, mosque-like pile shows through it. Built high in a hill at Guttenburg, between Weehawken and Hoboken, it sweeps the Hudson. It is the Monastery, and it occupies a location in keeping with its character. It stands at the southern extremity of the Palisades, on top of a bold wall of rock.

But the immediate surroundings of the Equitable should receive attention. Battery Park is cut off from view by the huge Washing on Building, with its thirteen stories, surmounted by its curiously shaped tower.

Directly opposite the Equitable, on Nassau street, is the Mutual Life Insurance Building, of a handsomely massive style of architection.

of a handsomely massive style of architec

Almost in front is Trinity Church, built after the style of a century sgo. Alongside it is its green churchyard, dotted with white tombstones and resembling a checkerboard, from the Equitable's height.

from the Equitable's height.

Looking up Broadway the great buildings gather thick and fast There is a host of them clustering about the City Hall Park. The old-fa hioned Astor House, looking for all the world like a jail, rears its massive granite walls, black with age. The Post-Office, architecturally elegant and graceful, and of huse proportions, a ands at the angle formed by Park Row and Broadway.

The Potter and Mills buil-tings, Coal and Iron Exchange and many other superb structures meet the eye. They would be a credit to any city, but some day the lofty observer will find the new Wornt Building on the site of French's Hotel, eclipsing them all.

Looking still further along there is the handsome while marble Stawart Building, imassive and imposing.

The public buildings stand out prominently

n City Hall Pork, that casis of green in the desert of granite and brick. They are artistically and mathematically correct.

To the north are the graceful spires of Grace Church, and St. Thomas's can be seen at Fifty-third sireet and Fifth avenue.

Looking away up; as far as the fog will allow the eye to reach, there is the Obelisk, in Central Park, faint and dim-looking, indeed, tike a needle.

Other objects which catch the eye prominently are the Domestic Building, at Four-teeuth street and Erosadway; St. Paul's Church, next to the Astor House, and Rev. Dr. John Hall's Church, at Fifty-fifth street

Church, next to the Astor House, and Rev. Dr. John Hall's Church, at Fifty-fifth street and Fifth avenue.

Away over by the North River are the grain elevators of the New York Central and Hudson River Railroad.

In the near neighborhood, to the east, the delicate outlines of the Brooklyn Bridge trace themselves through the fog.

The countless boats, rushing hither and thither like things of life, are seen everywhere on the water, with an occasional huge ocean steamer crawling slowly along by the docks, as if seeking cautiously and distrustfully for a safe landing-place.

The tugs, viciously energetic, are omnipresent, rushing about with aggressive activity, getting in the way of all the other boats, and then whisting furiously for them to get out of the way. From the altitude of the Equitable they seem to be swearing.

The sedate ferry-boats, always calm and unimpassioned, seem even more calm than usual at such a distance, and their resembles.

usual at such a distance, and their resem-biance to crabs, in gait and appearance, is more noticeable than when viewed from the Altogether, a visit to the top of the Equitable is an experience especially interesting on

TO-NIGHT'S TORCHLIGHT PARADE.

Here Is the Route that Baroum's Greatest

To-night the principal streets of the city are given up to Barnum in all his glory, and the people get a free view of some of the wonders of the Greatest Show on Earth, By special dispensation of the weather

clerk clear skies are a sure thing, and the wind will have put the streets in good condi On.
The procession is booked to leave Madison Square Garden at 6.30 o'clock and proceed over a route lighted with red, green and yel-low fire, and made brilliant by the torches of 2,000 men, who will double line the cages of wild bessts containing male or female train-ers and by the light of vari-colored fire-works

works.

The following is the route: Madison avenue to Forty-ninth street, to Fifth avenue, to Twenty-ninth street, to Broadway, to Grand street, to Sullivan street, to Canai street, to Hudson street, to Eighth avenue, to Fortieth treet, to First avenue, to Twenty-fourth street, to Avenue A, to Essex street, to Grand street, to Bowery, to Fourth avenue, to the Garden

street, to Bowery, to Fourth avenue, to the Garden.

There are to be at least a dozen different kinds of music, 400 horses, cages of wild beasts, chariots, some of the latter twenty-six feet high: mounted Moors. Arabs and Algerian dancing madens, two herds of elephants, some hirnessed to chariots, others with people upon their backs; a drove of camels Roman riders. &c., the whole presenting a grand display of the resources of the shows.

A Protest from a Veteran.

To the Editor of The Evening World: Being a constant reader of THE EVENING WORLD, may I be allowed space to ask by what right the Centennial Committee has to give place to the Grand Army in line of parade on the 30th of April, and refuse other veterans. This is a great injustice to the "Mexican War Veterans." Upon all public demonstrations held in the city of New York to which all veterans are invited to join the parade, those veterans are placed at the tail to which all veterans are invited to join the parade, those veterans are placed at the tail end of every other veteran organization, be it of city militia regiments or veterans of the late war, when in justice to our priority of service (1846-1848) we should follow those of the war of 1812, of whom only a few remain. The "Veterans of the Mexican War" should upon all such occasions outrank all others. No wir that ever existed accomplished so much as the war between the United States and Mexico. No war was ever crowned with such signal success, or in which more heroic deeds were performed than by the officers and those they led in this. Seventy battles were fought by that splendid army, and not in a single instance did victory perch upon the banners of the enemy. The results of those victories were the acquisition of California, Utah, Nevada, Arizona, Colorado, New Mexico and Wyoming, embracing nearly one million square miles with untold weath, which enabled us to carry on a war such as no other country ever conducted—a war that was fought to preserve what the Mexican war had country ever conducted—a war that was fought to preserve what the Mexican war had won. The Centennial Committee should re-consider their arrangements, place what are left of the veterans of 1812 to the right of line, let the Mexican veterans come after, then the Grand Army. "San Pasqual."

Book Nete.

A copy of a new novel, entitled "A Marriage lielow Zero," by Alan Dale, published by G. W. Dillingham, has just been received at this office. The book will propably be on the newstands by this time. Stranger unions have been known in this city than that treated of in "A Marriage Below Zero," but it is reserved for the novelist to tell what perhaps the writer of facts would not dare to do. That a careful search of the divorce records would reveal many cases like the peculiar That a careful search of the divorce records would reveal many cases like the peculiar atory told in this n well is an undoubted fact. Whether it would be necessary or even desirable to make them known is questionable. Else, the heroine of "A Marriage Below Zero." is an in enuous schoolgirl, who, when introduced into society, finds its inantites unendurable. She despises the silly speeches of the men, the heartless nothingness of the women. In Arthur Ravener she meets the man of her choice. She hears that he has a warm friendship for a school friend, who is known as Capt. Dillington, and she feels that a man capable of sincere friendship feels that a man capable of sincere friendship

is worth knowing.

Arthur Ravener appears to be interested in Arthur Ravener appears to be interested in Elsie, and she enc urages him. A marriage takes place and the couple retire to a little country house in Kew, near London. Elsie soon discovers that she has a rival absolutely unknown to her. The presence of Capt. Dillington in her house annoys her extremely. He makes his appearance the day after the He makes his appearance the day after the marriage and remains! The friendship she thought so beauti ul frightens her. Her husband's neglect becomes so marked that she appeals to her mother to aid her in dis-

covering her rival.

The identity of this person is the story of
"A Marriage Below Zero." It may safely be
said that the identity is startling and absolutely unconventional. The book ends in a very unexpected way, and the last chapter is highly dramatic.

Obnoxions Harlem River Drawbridges. B. R. Guion, Secretary of the Citizens and Paxpayers' Association, of the Twenty-third Ward, requests all travellers over the New York Central. New York and Harlem, New York and New Haven, New York and Northern, and Mor-risania. Tremont and Fordham railroads, who favor the closing of drawbridges over the Har-lem River between the hours of 7.30 and 9.30 o'clock in the moraling and 5 to 7.30 o'clock in the evening, thus preventing versitions delays to the suburban rapid fransit, to sign petitions to that effect at the Association's rooms, 3438 Third avenue. Ward, requests all travellers over the New York

Now is the Time

the breath so offensive, the drower dissinces so fre quent, or that extreme tired feeling so prevalent Hood's flarraparilla is just the medicine to build up system, purify the blood, ours biliousness, overco that tired feeling and create a good appetite.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

field by all druggiste. \$1; etz for \$5. Propared only by

O. I. HOOD & CO., Apotheosries, Lowell, Mass.

100 BOSES ONE BORLAN

86 & 88 Bowery, cor. Hester St.,



\$8.00, \$9,75 and \$12.00

LONDON & LIVERPOOL SPRING OVERCOATS,

\$8.00 AND \$10.00. LONDON & LIVERPOOL

FUNNY FELLOWS' FANCIES.

86 & 88 BOWERY.

STRAY BITS OF HUMOR GATHERED FROM THE WORLD OF FUN.

Doubled Up



Ethel-What an ugly animal! And so that the unicorn of fabled story, is it?
Ethelbert (Yale, '86)—D-D-Don't speak s l-loud, Ethel! If you make any more such egregious errors in public, I'll not go out with you. D-D-Don't you see he's a bi-corn.

Mrs. Partington Abroad.

When dear old Mrs. P. was visiting her American cousins "there was nothing," said she "that I enjoyed so much as the Terrebene soup and sparkling Micawber wine!" Hard Times.

[From the Philadelphia Record.] Kind Lady—Your husband has not been drinking lately, I notice.

Mrs. Mulhooly—No, mum: he's been out of work, an' divil a cint has the poor mon had for enjoyin' hisself at all, at all. Only One Ontlet. [From the Philadelphia Record]
Indulgent Husband—Seems to me you are spending a heap of money just now.

Petted Wife—Well, its Lent, and nearly every pleasure is prohibited, except shopping.

[From Life.] Miss Belle (warningly)-Sally, they used to tell ne when I was a little girl that if I did not let

Rather Ambiguous. Patient-I'm not afraid to die, doctor; but

do dread being buried alive. Doctor (cheerfully)-Don't let that worry you. I'll see that you're not.

Rare Good Luck. [From the Burlington Free Press. There is nothing in the world that succeed like energy. For instance, a Boston man sneezed to hard the other day that he dislocated his shoulder, and he is now drawing \$25 per week

Slow, but Sure. [From the Burlington Free Press.]
First Citizen—I understand that Drs. Lancet and Calomel have had a professional quarrel and are going to fight a duel. Second Citizen-Indeed! What are the weap-First Citizen—Cholera microbes.

The Law and the Lady.

[From the New York Weekly.] Patient Man-Suppose a woman makes it so not for her husband that he can't live with her,

Lawyer-Sue him for support. Patient Man-Suppose she has run him se heavily into debt that he can't support her, because his creditors grab every dollar as quick as he gets it, besides ruining his business with

Lawyer-If for any reason whatever he fail to pay her the amount ordered, he will be sent to iail for contempt of Court. Patient Man-Suppose she drives him out of the house with a flat-iron, and he's afraid to go

back?
Lawyer—She can arrest him for desertion.
Lawyer—She can arrest him for desertion.
Patient Man—Well, I don't see anything for
me to do but go hang myself.
Lawyer—It's against the law to commit suicide,
and if you get caught attempting it, you'll be
fined and imprisoned. Ten dollars, please.
Good-day.

A Cordial Invitation.



OUT OF THE NOOSE'S SHADOW

MRS. LEBKUCHNER TALKS FREELY IN THE

TOMBS OF HER FUTURE PLANS. The Indictment for Murdering Her Other Child to Be Dropped, and She May Soon Be Free-She Has Been Offered Homes in the City with Old Acquaintances-Her Talk Rational and Womanly.

Snatched from out the very shadow of the pallows, Mrs. Wilhelmina Lebkuchner, who dministered rat poison to her children, and at coolly for thirty-six hours by their sides while they writhed and twisted in tortures on the floor, till two of them died, was bright and cheery and full of hopefulness when an EVENING WORLD reporter called on her at the Tombs this morning.

"Minna," said brown-eyed, plump and rosy-cheeked Assistant Matron McCarthy, there is a gentleman from THE EVENING WORLD to see you."

Mrs. Lebkuchner extended a feeble hand, and smiling cheerfully greeted the reporter.

and smiling cheerfully greeted the reporter.

She is very thin, big boned and disfigured by the marks of erysinelas. She was very voluble and talked quite rationally.

Mrs. Lebkuchner has been acquitted of murdering one of her children on the ground of her irresponsibility on account of insanity. There is an indictment against her for the death of the other babe, but it will probably be dismissed, the evidence of her insanity at the time of the murder being un loubted.

"Minna," said the reporter, "now that you are going to be set at liberty soon, will you tell me what you expect to do?"

"Why, two good homes have been offered. "Why, two good homes have been offered to me. Mrs. McGaskell, of 696 Greenwhich street, has offered me a home, and so have Mrs. Beyer and Mrs. Meyer, of Seventy-

fourth street.

"I went to the same boarding school with
Mrs. Meyer till I was fourteen years old. My
father was Frederick Chris opher, of Worms, We were in good circumstances But they are all gone now except my brother, Charles Christopher, who is in Texas. I didn't know it till be read of me in the papers

and wrote to me here.
"My boy, born Feb. 21, 1887, is named and wrote to me here.

"My boy, born Feb. 21, 1887, is named after him."

The thin face lighted up at this, and then she ran on about how Charlie Christopher got mixed up in the newspaper stories with her other boys—Christopher, who was five years old yesterday and is with the Sisters in West Fitteenth street, and Charlie, who died from the poison on March 27, a year ago.

"Charlie, Christopher, and Hewitt, the baby, who was born in the Tombs, are with Sister Irene at the Foundling Asylum in Sixty-eighth street," ran on the woman.

"Do you remember anything about that awful day a year ago?" asked the reporter.

A cloud passed over the face, a look of distress supplante: the perpetual smile and the large brown eyes seemed to be striving to look through a mist.

"I know my children are dead. They are in heaven," said the lips slowly.

"But when Dr. Scholer testified that he had"

estimated at 65 per cent. below that of last year, and, moreover, the ice of very poor quality.

Cemplain to the Officer on the Beat.

To the Editor of The Feening World:

Please inform me through your valuable pager what could be done with a gang of boys who insult girls every evening and sometimes cannot be sufficient to the Officer on the Gentler of The Feening World:

Please inform me through your valuable pager what could be done with a gang of boys who insult girls every evening and sometimes cannot be stored by the arm and insist on walking the large with us. They stand in front of a liquor store in Forty-second street near Eleventh avenue. I am afraid to go out after dark.

Reason Eneugh.

[From Luc.]

She—How conceitedly that man talks. Is he an actor?

He—Worse than that! He's an amateur actor.

examined me twice in the Coroner's office I

fore."

The thin, bony hands clutched together for a moment, and then Mrs. Lebkuchner said:
"Tony, poor little Tony! He was my favorite child. My husband, Jacob, was prosperous once. He had a brewery in West. Twenty-seventh street. We were happy, but he drank. Then he had a saloon. When my third taby was born I got this," she said, touching her marked face. "My husband came in drunk while my baby lay by my side. He choked me and fell upon me. I never told the doctor, for I thought he would do better."

do better."

"You don't remember the poison?"

Again the far off look in the eyes and then slowly: "No. sir, I can't remember it. How could I? They are in heaven. I shall see

them."
As the reporter bid her good-by Mra.
Lebkuchner said eagerly: "Please say for
me that Dr. Matthias Field and Lawyer
Heinzelmann have done every thing for ms,
and Mrs. McCarthy."
The brown-eyed assistant matron followed
the reporter into the corridor. The merry
twinkle in her Irish eyes had given place to
a serious look, and in place of the incessant
jest she said:
"Whenever that poor woman has seen the
picture of a child she has cried over it softly

picture of a child she has cried over it softly when she thought no one was looking, and has been almost bysterical. Be kind to her. She was not to blame,"

AN ICE FAMINE PREDICTED.

The Crop Has Been Very Poor and Prices

Will Advance.

A meeting of ice-dealers will be held as soon as practicable to determine the price of

ice this summer. It is said that the crop has been unusually light this year, and in consequence the price,

so say the retail dealers, will be increased to 50 cents a 100 pounds. The prominent ice dealers are reticent The prominent ice dealers are reticent upon the situation, claiming that they have not yet received the figures from their store-houses, which will indicate the exact quantity they expect to have, but with few exceptions they admit that, as far as they know, the crop falls far below the average.

At Rondout, Hudson and Newburg the reports of the ice crop are far from satisfactory, the shortage in the two latter places being estimated at 65 per cent. below that of last year, and, moreover, the ice of very poor quality.

NERVURA

The Great Nerve, Brain and Blood Invigorant

It tones up and strengthens the shattered nerves, Nerves the weary arm and invigorates the tired brain,

> Restores the system exhausted by overwork or excesses, Gives natural and refreshing sleep, Dispels gloom and mental depression, Sharpens the appetite and corrects digestions

Banishes all weak and tired feelings, Purifies and enriches the blood,

Removes all nervousness.

Cures headache and neuralgia,

THE BEST REMEDY IN THE WORLD FOR SPRING DEBILITY. Use this wonderful remedy if you wish to be certainly oured. For sale by all druggists at \$1 per bottle. Reuse all substitutes, as this great remedy has no equal; ally or by letter.

forms of nervous and chronic diseases, can be cons free at his office, 35 West 14th st.. New York, ps



Until After They Have Read This Wonderful Tale.

JULES VERNE AND RIDER HAGGARD

ECLIPSED !

ROBINSON CRUSOE OUTDONE.

LITTLE ONES WON'T GO TO SCHOOL

FORTY MILLION MILES AWAY;

Or, A Voyage to Mars. MARVELLOUS ACCOUNT OF THE PEOPLE AND CIVILIZATION

> OF ANOTHER PLANET. SYNOPSIS OF OPENING CHAPTERS.

The story of the trip to Mars is told in a curious eigher manuscrint which is found under very strange circumstances on an island in the Pacific. The journey is undertaken in the "astronaut." a pseudiarly constructed machine resembling aship. The motive power is a newly discovered to the planet is successfully made and the intrapid travelier index sitely on Mars. The natives at first are astonished, then assail him with deadly dragons and other means of warrare. He is reacced by the authority of a Martial personage of rank, who leads him to his home, where the hardy coyage from the Earth's presented to his tamily. Although treated with kindness he is practically held a prisoner. Meanwhile he studies the language of Mars. His nost enlighters him as to why the Martian mobe assaulted him, and then gives a resume of Martian mobe assaulted him, and then gives a resume of Martian mobe assaulted him, and then gives a resume of Martian mobe assaulted him, and then gives a resume of Martian mobe assaulted him, and then gives a resume of Martian mobe assaulted him, and then gives a resume of Martian mobe assaulted him, and then gives a resume of Martian mobe assaulted him, and then gives a resume of Martian mobe assaulted him. The store is a store of the s

LOOK FOR THE CONTINUATION OF THIS INTERESTING NARRATIVE IN Saturday's MORNING WORLD.